

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE North Carolina vote—returns of which came in with more rapidity than usual, so far as our recollection extends—turns out to have been the heaviest ever cast in the State, and among the white men of the western counties the Republicans made much of their gain. These western mountaineers are compatriots of the Governor-elect, Caldwell, and are not unlike their neighbors of East Tennessee, being leavened with a strong leaven of Unionism and Republicanism. There was some intimidation apparently, and apparently some fraud; but the voting was sharply watched, and we have no doubt that the six or seven thousand increase in the Republican vote was for the most part legitimate enough. Caldwell's majority will, it is thought, be 1,500, and there is one more Republican Congressman than before, and decided gains of Assemblymen; but the next senator will be Democratic. In the other Southern States there is great political activity. In Louisiana the confusion is complete, the Liberal Republicans having nominated a new gubernatorial candidate—the fourth or fifth now in the field. So far as we can make out, the Custom-house Republicans are as likely as any of the factions to get the vote of the State by some coalition, and give it to Grant and Wilson. In Georgia, the local Greeley Republicans have received a very severe snub, the Democracy practically telling them that it would have nothing to do with them. There are also numerous Straight-out Democrats in Georgia, who will hold a good-sized convention on the 20th, and the opposition to Grant is very inharmonious—A. H. Stephens and the Bourbons being bitter, and ready to go to Kentucky to the Blanton-Duncan Convention in considerable strength.

We suspect there is more Bourbonism in Kentucky than has yet been said. For what reason we do not know, but the *Courier-Journal*, which is rather inclined to be trustful and soft-hearted, and perhaps is not the best expositor of the true Southern Democratic feeling about Greeley, is earnest in expostulation with the political leaders of that State, and calls on them "in God's name" to make no wry faces, but to sit down to the Liberal feast, and "take it as it is," and to "bless God" that they have the chance. Again, it urges the young members of the Democracy to show activity and energy, and tells them, with a jocularly traditional in the office of that newspaper, and sometimes funny and sometimes the reverse, that it knows they are all under the Greeley white hat, for it sees "their legs wiggling" beneath it and feels sure they are there, however unvigorous may be their campaign action. The *Courier-Journal* was incautious enough to announce the local election in Louisville the other day as a test election, declaring that the "Liberals" could never afford to have their ticket beaten and the one supported by the Republicans succeed. That, however, is what happened, and the *Courier-Journal* now says that "every man elected will vote for Greeley and Brown." We dare say; all were Democrats, though nominated on a Citizens' ticket, and we believe the regular ticket was defeated because of the suspected or known dishonesty of some of the candidates; but the reputation of the *Courier-Journal* for perspicacity is of course made somewhat dubious by slips of this kind, and perhaps its statements, often reiterated, that the Kentucky Democrats are yearning lambs who wish nothing so much as white-handed peace and the embrace of fraternity, may be taken with some grains of allowance.

On the 3d of September, the Straight-outs are to meet at Louisville, in Kentucky, Mr. Blanton Duncan having come out with a call marked by a good degree of ferocity, charging the Liberal Republican Greeleyites with being the men who have done most to harry the South both by war and by carpet-bagging. There is Warmoth, he says, for instance, who "has increased the debt of Louisiana \$45,000,000 in three years." "Blair," says Duncan, "came into the party to ruin it, and nobly has he fulfilled his mission." "For Grant" is the heading given this call by the Southern papers who "go in to win," and of course want no other tickets but the Grant Republican on the one side, and on the other side—the "Conservative" ticket if in Virginia, the "Democratic" ticket in North Carolina, the "Liberal" in Illinois, the "Opposition" in Indiana, the "Liberal Republican" in New England, the "Liberal Republican Democratic" and various other things in various other places. Begun in fraud, the campaign is full of inherent trickery and subterfuge.

The two most important—indeed the only important—open accessions to the Greeley forces during the week have been Mr. Jeremiah Black, Buchanan's Attorney-General, an able, bellicose person, of thoroughly Democratic antecedents, and Mr. Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, a Republican, and sometime Speaker of the House of Representatives. Black's reasons for coming over are the usual Democratic ones, while Grow's are personal admiration of Greeley and a desire "to bridge over the bloody chasm." Banks still enjoys the proud distinction of being the only man who is a loser by joining Greeley, though he has not yet revealed what it is he has lost. On a day to be fixed upon he is to address the merchants and business men in this city from the steps of the Exchange, on the probable effect of Greeley's election on trade and finance. His appearance in the capacity of an adviser of the commercial world on this subject will certainly be one of the most amusing features of the canvass. The *World*, while acknowledging mournfully that it never did think much of Greeley as an economist, begs Banks to draw attention to the fact that he has always been a fast friend of the capitalist—a suggestion which, coming from the *World*, is, if not satirical, tantamount to a request that Banks, while acknowledging that Greeley was a robber, would point out that he had always robbed the poor only. It is remarkable how few Republican politicians of national reputation who took no part in originating the Cincinnati movement, have since given in their adhesion. Sumner and Banks are the only ones of any note, and though Banks is very cute, we believe that as long as Butler holds firm the step he has taken will cause his friends serious anxiety. If Greeley fails, his position will be one of the most melancholy recorded either in the annals of philanthropy or of humbug.

One of those incidents known in the newspapers as "a question of veracity" has arisen between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Andrew D. White. Mr. Sumner, by way of illustrating Grant's hatred of the colored race, mentioned in his recent letter that not only did he try to annex San Domingo to the United States, but he failed to invite Frederick Douglass, who accompanied the Commission, to dine with him in Washington when he invited the Commissioners. To which Mr. White replied that the reason was that Mr. Douglass was not in Washington when the dinner took place, but, with General Sigel, had returned to his home. Following Mr. White comes Mr. Douglass, and says that, of all the Presidents and public men with whom he has had to do for thirty years in Washington, General Grant has been to him, except Mr. Lincoln, the kindest, politest, and most accessible, and the freest "to all appearance" from the color prejudice; and that he was not invited to the dinner because it was an informal affair, and he was not with the Commissioners (not being

a member of the Commission) when they called on the President and were invited by him; and that, in short, there was no slight whatever put upon him (Douglass). Hereupon, however, comes the remorseless Sumner, and shows, (1) by the testimony of one colored man, that Douglass was in Washington when the dinner was given, and (2), by the testimony of a white man, that Douglass felt hurt at not being asked, and said so, and will have it, Douglass to the contrary notwithstanding, that Douglass was offended, and had a right to be, and that the object of the President in offending him was to show his hatred to the entire negro race.

We fear that, after going carefully over the matter, millions will madly vote for Greeley. We doubt if there be, even in *Il Nepotismo di Roma*, another such case of Satanic malignity, and Douglass's willingness to be slighted shows how deep the imperial poison has penetrated. The man is actually afraid to say that he thought the despot ought to have given him a dinner, and well he may. The whole matter ought to be investigated when Congress meets; it is certainly a very much graver question than the question, "What Judge Field said at Jerry Black's dinner party," on which a Committee of the House sat for three weeks in 1867, and never solved, owing, we believe, to the corrupt disappearance of one of the waiters, who was changing Field's plate at the time the alleged language was used.

The *World* disputes our assertion that General Grant is not responsible for the Ku-klux legislation, inasmuch as he recommended it in a short message last year while the Ku-klux law was under debate. If controversies between a daily and weekly paper were not apt to be very unprofitable, we should have much to say by way of rejoinder touching the proper political sense of the term "responsibility." But we will admit that Grant urged the Ku-klux legislation with all his might, if the conductors of the *World* will answer a few plain questions in a pleasant, cheerful, and straightforward manner: 1. When Grant was advocating the coercion of the South by unconstitutional laws, what was Greeley doing? 2. If Greeley was doing the same thing, not in one short message, but in yards of frantic "editorial," what is your opinion of the propriety of presenting Greeley to the American people in opposition to Grant as a healer of wounds and soother of strife? 3. Knowing the history of Greeley's relations to the leading questions of the day as you know it, do you not consider the Greeley movement as on the whole a remarkable mixture of imposture and credulity? 4. Have you in your reading come across anything in the records of human delusion to which it can be fitly compared except the Anabaptist movement, the South Sea bubble, or the Mississippi scheme? 5. When you think over it all privately, does it not fill you with patriotic melancholy, broken and soothed by fits of uncontrollable laughter? 6. Do you not think that there is a peculiar appropriateness in having, as one of the chief orators and managers of the movement, a gentleman who believes, and has solemnly proclaimed his belief, that Demosthenes, the Greek orator, frequently passes the night up-town, dressed in Greek clothes of the fourth century before Christ, "talking politics" to Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull? As regards ourselves, we can assure the *World* that nothing will induce us to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. We acknowledge Grant to be the pan, but we are satisfied that we can make it at least tolerable till 1876, while the fire would finish us at once; and no declamation about the beauty of fire, or its value on cold nights to the widow and orphan, or its usefulness to the hardy blacksmith, or the service it renders in producing popcorn and roasting chestnuts, will tempt us to try it. The alternative is a wretched one, but choice to us is easy.

The troubles in Pope County, Arkansas, have been and are likely to continue a somewhat mysterious subject, and have been made more so by the appearance in the State of the

Greeley movement and the opening of the Presidential canvass. At first there were only two parties trying to color the facts, but now there are three. But it was well settled before the troubles began that the friends of the Administration in the State, or, in other words, the carpet-bag interest, were a very sorry set. The disturbances now pending have arisen in this wise: Hadley, the Governor, who is an Administration man, desires, or is accused of desiring, martial law; so the Sheriff of Pope County says he has been shot at one night when going home; the Greeley men say he fired the shots himself. He thereupon accused several Democrats of doing it or conniving at it, and arrested them without warrant, carrying them along in search of a magistrate. He and his posse were waylaid, he says, by Ku-klux, after nightfall, and he thereupon turned round, and began shooting his prisoners, killing two. The survivors who made their escape maintain, on the other hand, that the attack was made by a party of his own men, detached for the purpose; that their shots were fired in the air; and that it was a deliberate plan to furnish an excuse for the slaughter of the prisoners; and appearances are certainly in favor of this view. The sheriff and his posse were thereupon arrested, and they in turn swore informations against other Democrats for having made the ambushade, who were arrested also; but on coming in with twenty-three witnesses to prove an alibi, and finding no testimony against them, they were discharged. In the meantime, the friends of the sheriff have taken away considerable numbers of the friends of his victim, and the Governor threatens if they do not disband to declare martial law and call out the militia.

The contributions to Mr. Greeley's civil-service record during the week have not been of a kind to make one feel hopeful about his administration on this point. It appears that he warmly recommended for office Joshua F. Bailey, the defaulting revenue collector of this city, whom the *Tribune* has since been denouncing as one of the rascals for whom the Administration is responsible. It also appears that, having lent \$15,000 to a son of Commodore Vanderbilt's, a shiftless and irresponsible young man, and having in vain applied to the father for payment, Mr. Greeley deliberately proceeded to recommend his debtor to Mr. Stewart (that horribly illegal Secretary) for employment as an assessor of internal revenue— young Vanderbilt's salary, got from the public treasury, being his only means of paying his confiding patron. In ordinary times, such facts as these would damn a "reform candidate" at once, but when you mention them to a Greeleyite, he smiles and begins to talk of the weather, or denounces "the tyranny of party," or wants to "clasp hands."

In addition to the rise in the price of coal in England, which is slowly but surely sending everything else up, the English are suffering severely from the high price of meat, which has at last reached a point at which it has produced indignation meetings, and led to the formation of some of those ridiculous non-consumption associations in which weak-minded people every now and then in all countries try to provide punishment for "extortionate dealers." It is true the price of prime cuts in the London market, twenty-four to twenty-six cents per pound, does not seem high to us; but, compared to the prices of other commodities in England, it is very nearly what fifty cents a pound would be to us. Strange to say, too, mutton costs rather more than beef. The cause of the trouble is said to be simple enough. The English eat great quantities of meat, about, it is said, 100 lbs. annually per head of population, which, owing to droughts and the ravages of disease during the last ten years, is more than English farms are able to supply in the required condition as to weight and fibre. The deficiency might be made up by importations of live stock from Ireland, Germany, Holland, and Denmark; but there has been so much disease of late among the cattle in these countries, and the dense packing of the animals in the transit over stormy seas does so much to develop it, and the



Government precautions against the landing of cattle supposed to be infected are so rigid, that it seems this resource too is wanting. There seems to be nothing for it but to cut down the consumption of beef and mutton, and turn again to the unfortunate hog, who may come to hold once more the proud position as food which he held in the Middle Ages. A more artistic treatment of pork, such as the French *charcutiers* are famous for, would do much to make the change less bitter.

The fears about Plantamour's comet, which were in fact a libel on Plantamour, have hardly been set at rest, when danger shows itself in a new quarter of the heavens. The London *Spectator*, which publishes articles from time to time discussing, with great interest and ability, the condition and prospects of the sun, brings out the fact, apropos of the recent tremendous heat in England and America, that the Italian astronomer Tacchini, who devotes himself to spectroscopic observations, reports phenomena in the solar envelope absolutely unprecedented in his experience. They consist in the evolution of enormous masses of vapor of magnesium, which produced on him the impression "that he could see the surface of our great source of light renewing itself." From this the writer in the *Spectator* deduces the conclusion that the sun may be using himself up, as other stars have done, and may suddenly fall off in heat and brilliancy, or may in the process of renewing the supply of heat and light suddenly increase the power of his rays to a degree that would make the earth uninhabitable. In fact, it seems as if a new and most horrible source of anxiety was about to be introduced into life. With a Greeley Administration, framed on the model of the Greeley wing of the New York Republicans, and with the sun behaving in a fitful and uncertain manner, life, in this country at least, would be to many people a very doubtful good.

Parliament has been prorogued in England, after a somewhat eventful session, of which the Ballot Act is the leading result, and leaving Mr. Gladstone stronger than anybody expected even three months ago. The extraordinary commercial prosperity has helped the ministry greatly, and so has the escape of the Treaty of Washington, through the happy interference of the arbitrators, the latter perhaps being its greatest piece of good fortune. The last debate, that on Judge Keogh's conduct in the Galway election case, which came to nothing, revealed the one standing and apparently irremediable difficulty of English politics—the ecclesiastical question in Ireland. Judge Keogh has made a great mistake, inasmuch as he has unnecessarily roused the hostility and suspicion of the Catholic population against the judiciary, and the debate in the House of Commons revealed almost frantic contempt for the priests on the part of the majority; and yet the priests are, and promise to remain, the one body of men whom the peasantry love and trust, and without whose co-operation the country can hardly be governed constitutionally.

The "news" sent by the correspondents from Geneva about the proceedings of the Conference continue to be very entertaining. Sometimes they are reduced so low as to be obliged to relate the conversations of the servants of the Commissioners, whom they evidently watch with great interest; but they more frequently fill their letters with refutations of rumors which nobody ever heard of, and which it is not uncharitable to say that they themselves invented. They assure us that there is no truth in "the story" that Mr. Adams and Chief-Justice Cockburn had high words in the ante-room, and were prevented from coming to blows by the porter; that, on the contrary, their relations have throughout been most amicable, as proof of which, he (the correspondent) may mention an incident which "transpired" under his own eyes. Both happening to come out of the Conference in a shower of rain, and Mr. Adams's carriage not being on the spot, Cockburn offered, in the politest way, to leave him at his hotel, and insisted on Adams getting

in first. Or, he is enabled to say, on the best authority, that the Commissioners have no thoughts of adjourning for a month in order to enable Caleb Cushing to visit the Suez Canal; Mr. Cushing has too much good sense and patriotism to make any such request, and even if he had not, the Commissioners are too deeply impressed with the importance of their task to lay it aside even for one day for any such purpose. The news by Cable on Monday morning, however, on the whole surpassed in fatuity anything we have had yet. The despatch announced that the "Tribunal had required argument" on three points: the question of due diligence; the character (status) of the Confederate cruisers after receiving their commissions; and the question how far their coaling in English ports made England responsible for their acts. In other words, the unfortunate man who composed this sends as news that the Tribunal is hearing counsel on the leading points in the controversy between the two nations, and he tries to give it an air of minuteness and interest by mentioning that the counsel are Roundell Palmer on one side, Cushing, Evarts, and Waite on the other, and that "the fact that the Tribunal analyzes the cases as seen in these points, is a strongly favorable indication." What this last assertion means probably no human being knows or ever will know.

The result of the subscription to the French loan has been announced in detail in the French Chamber, and it is certainly surprising. The Government asked for \$600,000,000; they have received subscriptions for more than twelve times as much. The Departments subscribed \$12,000,000 on the loan of last year; they have subscribed to the present loan \$492,000,000 (we give the amounts in round numbers), a striking proof of the rapid growth of confidence in the country districts. But it must be added that inasmuch as only 15 per cent. of the amount has to be paid down now, and that for this even securities may be deposited, and that two years is allowed for the payment of the remaining instalments, large numbers of persons have subscribed for very much larger amounts than they intend to take or hold, hoping to sell their rights at an advanced price as soon as the loan is closed.

There is certainly nothing so remarkable in the crisis through which France has been passing during the last two years as the small effect it has had in creating financial disturbance. In fact, it appears to be well established that the French have actually become so hardened to revolutions as to accept them as ordinary incidents in their history, in no way diminishing general security—a phenomenon perhaps without parallel, though it is true we do not know what was the effect on real estate and credit of the various convulsions at Rome from the Social War down. It is now ascertained that the events of 1871 have been followed in France by few or no failures; the price of real estate has not fallen either in Paris or in the departments; not only have wages risen, but the price of pictures and other articles of luxury has advanced. The receipts of the five great trunk lines of railway were considerably larger for 1871 than for 1869, though this is of course partly to be ascribed to the arrears of traffic caused by the siege and the military operations. Moreover, the exchange on London, in spite of the enormous sums paid to the Prussians, and largely in London bills, only rose very slightly during the past year. The imports and exports together for the year 1871 amounted to \$1,251,600,000; those of 1869 only amounted to \$1,244,500,000, and the gain continues in the present year. More wonderful still, throughout the whole war the salaries of all employees of the Government were punctually paid, and the operations not only of the Bank of France, but all the private banks of the country, went on with unfaltering regularity. In short, capital no longer runs away or hides itself in France on the approach of a political convulsion. It has seen so many of them that it keeps at its work and lets them blow over, and enables France "to astonish the world" by her financial integrity when she is no longer able to do it by the exploits of her armies.

THE GREELEY MOVEMENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

WE now witness nearly every day an attempt to give Grant's failures as a civil administrator a kind of retrospective action, so as to deprive him of all fame as a general. This precious device was, we believe, originally hit on by the *Sun*, which, after praising him to the skies as one of the greatest of soldiers, suddenly became dissatisfied with his civil appointments, denied that he was any soldier at all, and gave all the credit of his victories to General Rawlins. Within a few days, Mr. Charles Sumner has fallen into the same insensate mode of carrying on the canvass; and, while professing to give negroes, in a very "solemn" manner, a full and true account of Grant's "antecedents" before his election, he described these so as to leave the impression that all that was known of Grant before 1868 was that he got his education at the public expense, then voted for James Buchanan with the view of confirming the Dred Scott decision, and finally sought to prevent negro suffrage, while Horace Greeley was "nobly championing it." Read nine-tenths of the articles in Greeley papers, and you come upon the same melancholy and yet comic indifference, not to truth only, but to the dignity of human nature. Week after week we are told, either by assertion or insinuation, that a President who likes Tom Murphy, or "takes gifts," or spends the summer at Long Branch, cannot have won Vicksburg or Chattanooga, or, in other words, that, when we were all bowed down with gratitude to him in 1864-5, we were the victims of a tremendous delusion. It may have been so; but a community which confessed to a delusion of that sort would deserve to be ruled by an impostor, and could not get anybody but an impostor to rule it.

That General Grant's Administration has in our eyes been a failure all our readers know. We have changed no opinion we have ever expressed about it in these columns; but it has failed, not in that it has made things worse than it found them, but in that it has not improved them. Grant's dealings with the civil service, over which he had a large discretion, have been no worse than those of Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, or Johnson. His recommendations to Congress have been just as wise as those of any of these, except Lincoln, and even wiser. He has been about as careful of the public money, allowance being made for the greater amount of the public money which he has had to handle. But he was expected to deal with problems of a very different class from those with which his predecessors had to deal, and he has not dealt with them; he was expected to abate evils which in their day were not recognized as evils, or were not the main objects of attention, and he has not abated them. It was expected that he would surround himself with better men than surrounded them; and, after a feeble and vain attempt, he has thrown himself into the arms of as bad men as ever surrounded them. All this was very disappointing to those who hoped that he would prove a reforming President, and that the Republican party under his lead would become a reforming party. But, bad as it was, it did not produce the deep disgust which led to the Cincinnati movement, and now makes Greeley—even Greeley—a dangerous competitor, until the country saw the way in which remonstrances and attempts at reform were met last winter. A little patience and good sense, a little show of comprehension of the dissatisfaction of honest men with the state of affairs, a little candor in admitting mistakes, a little show of zeal in remedying them, would even as late as the fall of last year have made the Missouri movement harmless to General Grant's prospects. Instead of this, the smallest enquiry or complaint was met in the Senate with insolent resistance, or flat denials and gross abuse, by the brazen band whom he allowed to call themselves his "friends." Nor was this all. It might have been difficult or indiscreet in him publicly to repudiate his defenders, however unwelcome they may have been; but there was no excuse for his allowing his organ in this city to assail Senator Schurz and other leading members of the opposition with vituperation suited only to the rat-pit and the prize-ring, simply because they had chosen to exercise a constitutional right in an unhandsome way. That disgraceful episode not

only plunged the New York press down into a sink of slander, personality, and filth, such as has not been witnessed since the palmy days of the *Herald*, but infused into the opposition a bitterness which, and which only, has made Greeley's success a possibility. It gave to the cry of "anything to beat Grant" a potency it could not otherwise have had, and is now actually every day driving into the Greeley ranks respectable men to whom Greeley is abhorrent, but who, struggle as they may, cannot make up their minds to help, either by vote or abstention, to leave in power such men as Grant's champions and such a man as would countenance them or keep them in his pay. In other words, such show of success as this most preposterous nomination possesses, it owes almost wholly to the folly and impudence of the President's adherents.

We feel all this as deeply as anybody. We are as sensible of Grant's shortcomings as anybody. It will certainly not be pleasant to see Morton, and Cameron, and Conkling, and their like, set up once more as the power behind the throne, and see all the abuses that we have complained of so often passed over without the rebuke of an adverse popular vote. But then politics is a practical matter, and, in dealing with its problems, one has to study, not revenge, but the public interest, and to endeavor to behave like a rational human being instead of either a lunatic, a drunkard, or an infuriated enemy.

But in choosing between Grant and Greeley there is no occasion to refuse justice to either of them. We should be sorry, indeed, to see one of the exploits which won Grant his popularity explained away or made little of. They are part of the national glory; every man who lives in the country is interested in the preservation of his fame. In like manner, we should be sorry to see it made clear that Horace Greeley had been of no use to the community. In demonstrating his unfitness for the Presidency, it is not necessary to show that his New York *Tribune* has not, on the whole, exerted an excellent influence, and has been a highly civilizing agent over a very wide portion of American soil. But when he is offered to us as a substitute for Grant, and as an improvement on Grant, by men calling themselves reformers, we can hardly help considering it one of those fits of dementia to which even whole communities are sometimes liable. That the Democrats and most of the white Southerners should desire his election is comprehensible enough; that men who are sincerely opposed to Grant because he does not reform the civil service and obey the law should desire it, is not explicable on respectable grounds. Although the opposition to Grant has largely drawn its ammunition from the record of his shortcomings with regard to the civil service, civil-service reform is hardly mentioned in the Greeley canvass—a significant fact, to which the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which supports him, has at last drawn attention. The reason is that the sole contribution which Greeley means to make, or can make, to civil-service reform, is not to be a candidate for re-election. In other words, he contributes to it "the one-term principle." But that during this one term he will have to make room in all branches of the civil service for the largest horde of hungry applicants, without other qualification than their support of him, by which any President was ever assailed, we all know. The melancholy feature of the situation is that many of his prominent supporters, who really are reformers at heart, know it as well as anybody. His appointments, too, will be made under the dictation of probably the worst set of politicians in the United States, who will laugh at the very mention of even such steps towards a change for the better as Grant has made, and he himself will be plunged into a whirlpool of intrigue, greed, selfishness, and ambition, with probably less perspicacity and less skill in dealing with men than any President who has ever gone before him. In short, there is hardly one of his intelligent supporters, who care for reform, who is not supporting him on grounds which would seem to him ridiculous in any other branch of affairs. If any of them, we venture to assert, were asked to trust a lawyer, a doctor, a broker, arbitrator, agent, or other employee, on the grounds on which Greeley is recommended for the Presidency, they would laugh heartily.

We cannot get the nation out of the mire of corruption in a day, nor in ten years. The vices of the time are too deep-seated, and its bad tendencies too strong, to allow us to hope for anything like a sudden or speedy reformation. The most we can hope is to effect now and then a step upward, and in no case to recede. Grant is pledged to civil-service reform, is somewhat ashamed of having done so little for it, and has done something for it—not much, we admit, but something. We did hope to see him succeeded next year by a man of more knowledge of affairs, of greater political experience, of more skill in dealing with politicians, and with greater horror of abuses and a more energetic determination to get rid of them. Being disappointed in this, all we ask now is that during the next four years we shall not go downhill; that the machinery of the new organization of the civil service—even if it does not work as we think it ought to work—shall not be thrown contemptuously aside; that the employees now in office, even if they are not all they ought to be, shall not be kicked out to make way for others still worse and less experienced. All this and more would in our opinion happen in case of Greeley's election, and other and worse things still in other departments; and if the persistence with which we have urged this great reform has made any impression on any of our readers, we trust they will now bear it in mind, both in the exercise of their influence and in the casting of their vote. The disregard or forgetfulness of the reforms which the Cincinnati movement was intended to bring about is perhaps pardonable, or at all events comprehensible, on the part of the regular politicians, who, having broken with Grant and the Republicans, are now swallowing Greeley as he stands, because a politician must have a party organization of some kind at his back; without it he is a voice and nothing more. Having long relied on it as his great source of strength, and long obeyed it as the only fountain of authority, apart from it he feels helpless, desolate, and hopeless. But the honest, sober citizens who make up the party organizations labor under no such necessity, and are rent by no such fears. The voter at any rate can think his honest thought, and say it out, without any detriment to mind, body, or estate, and through him reforms must be carried through all drawbacks, failures, and betrayals. Punish this Greeleyite fraud as it deserves, and the next reform convention which meets will nominate a reform candidate, and the chiefs will find better employment than putting a good face on what they know in their hearts to be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

THE working of the new School Law in England continues to furnish curious and instructive illustrations of the difficulties of having children taught in a country in which there is not only a defective appreciation of the importance of popular education, but a decided preference on the part of a considerable portion of the religious world for ignorance over knowledge, unless the knowledge is accompanied with certain religious beliefs. The law leaves it optional with the inhabitants of each district whether they will avail themselves of its provisions, and set the educational machinery in motion or not; and accordingly we find that, out of 14,000 country parishes, only 114 had, when the last returns were made during the past winter, elected school boards, and out of the 200 boroughs only 96; but, then, it must be admitted that half a dozen of the great towns, which at once availed themselves of the act, contain a third of the population of the whole kingdom. In the country parishes the poor man who has children to educate finds himself involved in a confusing struggle. If the Episcopal clergyman of the parish can command a majority of the votes of the ratepayers, as in a large number of cases he can, and the parish elects a school board, the schools and schoolmasters are certain to be in the hands of the dominant party, and the school boards are by no means unimportant bodies. They not only appoint the teachers, but they fix the amount of the school tax, and have power to borrow money, and buy and hold real estate, and can, if they please, confine the teaching to secular subjects wholly, or order religious instruction to be adminis-

tered, under the conditions prescribed by the act—that is, the time at which it is to be given must be posted up, so that children who do not want it may be able to absent themselves. If the religious instruction be ordered and be administered by teachers appointed by the clergy, the Dissenters and "Secularists" fight the school board with all their might, on the ground that they are taxed either to pay for the teaching of doctrines of which they do not approve, or for religious teaching administered by persons whom they have had no hand in choosing. As a matter of fact, it is this, or something like this, which has come to pass in nearly all the country parishes in which the law is working. The school boards have fallen into the hands of the parson and his friends, and he has his own way nearly as fully as in the olden time. But as the clergy have almost everywhere the possession of the old school, they not unnaturally oppose altogether the election of boards under the new law.

In the large cities, on the other hand, where the Dissenters and Secularists are in a large majority, and counted positively on having the control, something else has happened, and something which nobody expected. The cumulative variety of proportional representation was inserted in the new law with the view of giving minorities a fair representation in the school boards. In Manchester and Birmingham, however, the minority being dexterous, and well organized and united, actually succeeded, by skilfully concentrating their votes, in securing a majority on the boards; and thus will, for three years to come, control the educational system of the district, or, in other words, will do all the things which make the system odious to the majority, and do as few as possible of those which make it desirable.

The fight over the "compulsory clause" is nearly as deadly as that over the "conscience clause," as the provision with regard to religious instruction is called. Parliament refused to make attendance at the schools compulsory, as the Radicals would have desired, but gave the school boards power to do so if they pleased. Now, one of the belligerent parties is opposed to the exercise of this power by the boards. Those who demand religious instruction at the district schools are opposed to having children compelled to attend schools in which no such instruction is given, because it deprives them of all chance of going to any other. On the other hand, the great body of the workingmen, and indeed nearly the whole of the secular-teaching party, insist upon it that without the existence and exercise of the power of compelling attendance, the schools, in the worst districts especially, will be well-nigh useless. The more ignorant parents are, the less disposed will they be to sacrifice their children's earnings in order to let them attend, and the less importance will they attach to their attendance; and besides this, whatever hostility to the schools exists in any district, on the part of the clergy or others, will find expression more frequently in dissuading parents from sending their children than in any other way. On these two points mainly, but chiefly on the question of religious instruction, the two opposing parties are making preparations, under the lead respectively of two organizations—one called the National Educational Union, the other the National Educational League—for what promises to be one of the most exciting contests in English history, because both sides feel that its results, whatever they may be, will seriously affect other things than popular education.

Should the friends of secular instruction solely succeed in carrying their points—that is, should they succeed in having the communication of religious instruction by the teacher in school hours completely prohibited and attendance made compulsory—it would either completely release the schools from the control or influence of the clergy, or deprive the clergy of all interest in them, and make the maintenance of church schools a matter of great and increasing difficulty. No matter what might be the effect of this on the faith of either children or parents, it would unquestionably take away from the country parsons one great source of their influence with the country population, and one of the strongest reasons for the connection of the church with the state.

The English clergyman would have to change greatly in many ways to make him take any part in working an organization which set aside his own teaching as of secondary importance, and the school boards would therefore pass gradually but steadily under the control either of Dissenters or sceptics; either of which results would be a serious blow to the security of the church establishment, already greatly weakened by the destruction of the sister organization in Ireland. When this is looked at, too, in connection with the rapid spread of the movement in favor of higher wages and greater personal independence among the agricultural laborers—a movement which has already assumed formidable proportions, and which, though originated by a clergyman, Canon Girdlestone, has thus far met with neither sympathy nor encouragement from the clergy in general, who feel themselves to be the natural allies of the farmers and landlords—it will be seen that the school question is but part of a very large social question.

It is, however, part of a religious question as well. There is no disguising the fact that behind the hostility to religious teaching in the schools there is a very considerable amount of hostility to *all* religious teaching, and that in the movement against it there is engaged a body of men, such as Huxley, and Tyndall, and Harrison, to whom in influence and ability we have no corresponding class here. They are as vehemently opposed to the "Bible in the schools" as the Catholics are here, but for a very different reason. They do not seek to substitute for such religious teaching as the Protestant clergy would give other religious teaching of their own; they seek a reorganization of society on a scientific basis purely, and would deny to religion all recognition in laws or institutions, leaving as its sole function the gratification of individual tastes, like poetry or music. For the creation and diffusion of scientific habits of thought there is, of course, no way so sure as the presentation of life and its problems to the young in a scientific aspect purely; and the control of the schools is therefore to them one of the most important objects of their mission, and in this mission a very large number of them begin to display an earnestness, one might almost say fanaticism, which has long been extinct among most religious sects. How it is that their attempt to exclude religious instruction from the schools excites so much more alarm in the religious world in England than it excites, or would excite, here, is explained by the fact that the state in England having for a thousand years undertaken to teach religion itself, the exclusion of its functionaries from all share in the work of education, and the relegation of the doctrines of which it has so long guaranteed the truth to the category of things indifferent, naturally assumes the proportions of a revolution. In this country, long familiarity with the spectacle of the state acting merely as the agent of the community in a small number of purely mundane affairs, has made its exclusion from the work of religious instruction a familiar and harmless arrangement, without special significance.

RAILROAD INVESTMENTS.

RAILROAD securities now constitute probably the most popular form of investment of a personal nature open to the people of the United States. A sort of mania as regards them may be said to exist. This is very clearly shown in the rapid development of our railroad system, which is now progressing with an almost incredible rapidity. As recently as the last Presidential election in 1868, the greatest amount of railroad construction in any one year had been in 1856, the year preceding the memorable panic. It then amounted to 3,643 miles, costing probably \$140,000,000. It would at this time be interesting to enquire how far so great a withdrawal of the active wealth of the country from immediate circulation, and its permanent investment in a form temporarily both unprofitable and inaccessible, contributed to the crisis of 1857. In a greater or less degree, however, it was unquestionably one of the immediate causes of that catastrophe, which was at once followed by a rapid falling-off in railroad construction, until in 1861 it had almost ceased, being reduced for that year to 621 miles. From that period it gradually but slowly began to revive, until in 1869 it reached 5,000 miles, and

7,453 in 1871. The permanent investment of the last year in railroad development, and the consequent withdrawal of wealth from active circulation, can hardly be estimated at less than \$275,000,000, though it must be admitted that a considerable portion of this is foreign capital.

With the columns of the newspapers crowded with advertisements of bonds pressed upon the market at rates of interest varying between 7 and 12 per cent., most people, even those tolerably well informed, would be somewhat surprised at being told that railroad securities in America are not more profitable on the whole, while decidedly less secure, than the bonds of the United States. Yet such is indisputably the fact. United States 5 per cents. (gold) are now selling in the neighborhood of par (gold). The cost of the railroad system of the country has been at least three thousand millions of money, actually expended in construction. The gross annual earnings of this system are about \$455,000,000, of which not more than 33 per cent. can be set down to net profit, or a total of \$150,000,000—being exactly 5 per cent. on the cost. The system is, in fact, a thorough lottery, and hence probably one great cause of its attractiveness to investors. What with dividends in money and dividends in scrip and rapid fluctuations in value; what with the noise made over a few great successes and the silence preserved as regards numerous failures, the general public is thoroughly dazed and bejuggled. Yet the figures, few and poor as they are, are inexorable. In his recent "Manual," Mr. H. V. Poor has given a table, very incomplete and far from correct, but yet sufficient for present purposes, of 364 railroads. Of these 104 only, or less than one out of three, pay any dividends on stock at all; of the 104 dividend paying enterprises, 4 pay dividends of over 10 per cent.; 30 pay 10 per cent.; 39 pay between 7 and 10; and 30 pay less than 7. The remaining 360 pay no dividends at all. Dividends on capital stock represent, however, but a small portion of the net earnings of the system, the great bulk of which is necessarily devoted to the payment of interest and to development. As regards the proportion which their reported net earnings, whether devoted to dividends or however applied, bear to the entire cost of their construction, the roads of Massachusetts appear to be the most prosperous in the country, their percentage rising as high as 8.41; Pennsylvania comes next with 8.3; Connecticut reports 7.16; New York, 7.5; while Ohio, the only other State which furnishes reliable returns, falls as low as 4.9 per cent.

It is in the extreme West, however, that the railroad development is most rapid, and that the greatest inducements are held out to investors. How far the railroad mania has there gone, and what a surprising lottery it has become, is, in the almost total absence of reliable statistics, not easily estimated. We are, however, not wholly in the dark on the subject. Take the State of Kansas, for instance. In 1864, Kansas possessed 40 miles of railroad, all newly constructed; in 1871, she boasted of 1,760 miles, having built 260 miles in that year and 570 in the previous one. She now possesses, therefore, 154 more miles of completed road than Massachusetts, and a little more than half as many as Ohio. These railroads were mainly constructed out of the proceeds of the sale of bonds, many of them, it is true, secured on valuable land grants, but all of them bearing a high rate of interest, ranging, indeed, on their cost price as originally issued at from 9 to 20 per cent. How is this interest to be earned? What burden, in other words, does a reasonable remuneration for the cost of this mushroom railroad system impose upon the people of the State? Upon this point we have the means of arriving at some conclusions—not very exact, perhaps, but withal exceedingly suggestive.

Railroads, as a matter of course, have to draw their income from the community they serve. The population of the United States, for instance, is in round numbers 38,000,000, and its railroads earn a gross annual income of \$455,000,000. Upon an average, therefore, each inhabitant of the United States pays within a few cents of \$12 per annum to the support of the railroad system. Few States have carried the science of railroad statistics to a sufficient degree of excellence to enable us, so far as their inhabitants are concerned,

to verify this average with sufficient accuracy. In Massachusetts—a wealthy manufacturing community, with a large suburban trade—the average payment of each inhabitant is \$13 90; in Connecticut it is \$12 60; in Pennsylvania, where the returns are less exact and an enormous coal traffic is carried on, it is reported at about \$18; in Ohio, it falls below the average to \$11 40. These are all old and wealthy communities, and two of them at least, Pennsylvania and Ohio, are States through which passes the bulk of the through or transit business of the country. With this annual *per capita* contribution these States, as we have seen, succeed in paying on the capital invested in their railroad systems a moderate annual remuneration, varying between 4.5 and 8.4 per cent. Yet Massachusetts has to-day some 10 per cent. fewer miles of railroad than Kansas, with, as nearly as may be, four times the population and seventeen times the wealth. To render the railroad system of Kansas equally remunerative with that of Massachusetts, each of its inhabitants ought to pay to its support \$61 annually; to render it equally remunerative with that of Ohio, each should pay \$41. Each does contribute, as nearly as can be ascertained, about \$17 60, or an annual aggregate in round numbers of \$6,400,000. This is the gross return, and evidently, in view of the wealth, products, and business of the State, all that its inhabitants can now pay. Meanwhile, the Kansas roads report a capital in stock and indebtedness of \$95,000,000, or only a trifle less per mile than those of Massachusetts, of which amount no less than \$58,000,000 is in the shape of interest-bearing securities, as against less than \$18,000,000 in the older State. At present, therefore, the railroad system of Kansas would seem to be earning in gross a little less than 8 per cent. per annum on its capital stock and indebtedness, instead of 29 per cent. as in Massachusetts, or 17 per cent. as in Ohio; and its earnings on its debt alone, without allowing anything for the cost of operating, are but 11 per cent., or hardly, if indeed at all, sufficient to meet its annual coupons. Yet he would be a very sanguine man, and know but little of Kansas roads, who would as a permanence allow much less than 60 per cent. of this amount for operating expenses. There remains, then, about 4.5 per cent. per annum on the amount of bonded indebtedness alone as the total net earnings. In other words, as regards Kansas, the future has been frightfully discounted. Instead of earning the interest so liberally promised, the roads of that State are as yet realizing but a low remuneration on their actual cash cost. The process of railroad construction is, however, still going on as actively as ever in that State.

The same course of reasoning might be extended to other Western States as well as Kansas, though nowhere else, probably, has the process of railroad construction been so thoroughly overdone. The rule here applied is one of well-nigh universal application. No railroad system can be considered well established which calls upon those whom it serves for a larger *per capita* contribution than, at the most, \$20 per annum. More than this no people can pay, and, under ordinary circumstances, no people should be called upon to pay so much. Where, however, the amount necessary to a reasonable remuneration greatly exceeds this sum, it is not unsafe to conclude that a long period of extreme depression and embarrassment is impending over the system involved; unless, as in 1857, a financial crisis, by sweeping away the rotten superstructure, puts railroads and community in a position to start afresh.

In these times, when it seems only necessary to buy a railroad bond to secure an annuity, it is well to remind a credulous public of these stern realities. We by no means seek to imply that much money has not been made, and will not hereafter be made, and that too in the immediate future, in railroad enterprises. In the face of existing facts, such a proposition would in no way be tenable. What we do mean to say is, that a form of investment always hazardous, and returning at best many more blanks than prizes, is at this time more hazardous than usual, and its risks are daily increasing. We see no reason to suppose that any general panic or financial crisis is now immediately impending over the country at large. On the contrary, a financial condition which stood firm under the shock of the Chicago

fire cannot be otherwise than sound. But unless we are greatly deceived, within the next few years a great many very handsomely engraved railroad bonds will go to protest, and certificates of stock by the million will find their way into the hands of the trunk-makers. It is very improbable that the United States can construct for any length of time 7,000 miles of railroad a year without getting more than the people now on the soil can conveniently support. They apparently need some \$10, or even \$12, of railroading apiece each year; they may even tolerate \$15, and perhaps \$20, but when they are called on for \$30, \$40, or \$50, it will assuredly be found that they are getting altogether too much of a good thing.

TWO DANGERS THREATENING OUR SCHOOLS.

AT this season of the year the public-school teachers, of all grades and all parts of the country, hold their annual gatherings. There are national conventions, State conventions, county conventions, of teachers and of superintendents, of common schools and of normal schools. No better season can be found for enquiring into the present condition of our public-school system—what is its promise for the future, and what are its dangers.

Our public-school system is a distinctively American one, grown up with our community and sprung from its character and needs, just as our political system has and our collegiate system. It is elastic enough to admit of almost unlimited improvement, and it is not very hard to introduce improvement; but it would be very hard to make any change in it which should materially affect its fundamental character. It is quite right that it should be so. We have a right to assume that an institution which has grown up with a community is well adapted to its needs; and although there are many features in which we could advantageously copy European models, and although we might on abstract grounds even prefer some European system as a whole if the question were to be considered *de integro*, yet it is perhaps quite as likely that our judgment is wrong as that the popular impulse is mistaken. Those reformers who wished, some years ago, to introduce the English or the German university system would, in all likelihood, have made a pretty mess of it if they could have had their way; we have waited not so very long a time, and now our oldest institutions, Harvard and Yale, are developing a real university system, which stands a chance of permanence because it has its roots in the old order of things.

When one considers the real excellence of these schools, and the degree in which they have become a postulate in American thought, it is hard to realize adequately the two perils that menace the system from entirely opposite directions. The first arises in the character of the school system itself, which is constantly tending to become more and more mechanical, and which favors an excessive routine and commonplace methods of instruction. The second is more vital, and is directed against the very existence of the public-school system.

The first tendency is natural and unavoidable, and is probably entirely within our control. The schools suffered at first for lack of organization and gradation; nothing more natural than that, in correcting this defect, too much stress should be laid upon organization, and that, as a result, most scholars should have come to look upon it as the first of all objects to get from one grade into another. In any school, exact discipline is indispensable; the teachers are few who can maintain exact discipline in a large school without the precision of a martinet; and that is what our school discipline tends to become. Methods of instruction were wretched a generation or so ago, and one of the first features of the new impulse that education then received was new and more inspiring methods. Of course, when the impulse had passed, things settled down into a routine, and the new methods became formal and antiquated, just as the old ones had been. All these results must have followed so long as the majority of teachers are not men of inspiration and genius, but honest, hard-working persons, who simply aim to do their work as well as they can, just as if it were ditching, or book-keeping, or reporting. It is *work*, after all.

This will explain the routine and the commonplace that are the worst characteristics of our public schools. These defects are aggravated by the excessive amount of labor that is imposed upon the teachers. Teachers, as a class, have a much higher ideal, or rather the ambition for a much higher one, than they are able to realize, and are mechanical and commonplace simply because circumstances will not allow them to be anything more. The result is, however, that thinking people are dissatisfied with the work done in the public schools—not with the way in which the work is done, but with the work itself. They want a different training for their boys and girls from the mechanical "high pressure" of the public schools; and this they find, or at any rate seek, in private schools.

Now, these evils are remediable, at least in a degree; but only with the increased culture of the community itself. The schools are but a reflection of the popular taste, which enjoys their big and showy mechanism, believes in this excessive amount of mathematics, and all these dreary rules of grammar and details of geography, and thinks the main object of a child's life is to get as fast as possible from one grade to another. As soon as parents realize that a girl who has been through the course, but cannot walk a mile, and never passes two days without a headache, is not precisely the highest possible product of civilization, and that the course itself is at once wofully narrow and extremely intense, they will demand a better system, and then they will have it. Even as it is, Hosea Biglow's words meet with more sympathy than is generally thought:

"Three-story larnin's pop'lar now—I guess
We thriv as well on jest two stories less."

The corrective for the danger here discussed is an enlightened public opinion, and this has already begun to be formed. The evil has been often pointed out, and is widely recognized; and we think we are not mistaken in saying that it is already less threatening than it was five years ago. The other danger specified is fundamental and vital, touching not the character of the schools, but their very existence. It finds its best expression, of course, in the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which makes the church the necessary foundation of every human institution; but it exists no less in every form of Protestantism which demands to be recognized in public education. The first and most consistent shape which it took was opposition to the very existence of a free-school system, but it was soon driven to more subtle and circuitous forms of antagonism. The free school is so firmly seated in the American mind as an essential part of American institutions, that to try to overthrow it is labor wasted. Catholic schools, Jewish schools, Swedenborgian schools, German schools—every school which represents a single religious faith, or a single element of our compound nationality—are but an ineffectual protest against the system, and do not touch its vitality any more than any other private schools. Foiled in the effort to overthrow the system, it next aimed, with equal ill success, to divide it; at present the struggle, a much more perilous one, is to control. The controversy over the use of the Bible in schools is but a contest for the control of the schools—between Protestantism, which possesses this control by tradition, and Catholicism, which demands it as of right. We cannot wonder that an attempt to subvert a custom so revered, and of such historical prestige, should be earnestly resisted, and that the custom should be claimed as a fundamental and inherent part of the system. But it should be remembered that the nation is made up of those who are its citizens now, and that it is not at present—however it may have been in the past—a Protestant nation, except so far as a nation is represented by its majority. It should be remembered, too, that if the majority to-day and here has a right to insist upon the use of King James's Version, the majority next year, and in another place, will have an equal right to insist upon the Douai Version.

In view of the vital contest which has arisen upon this point, we see no hope for the maintenance of genuine public schools except in making them purely and avowedly secular. It may truly be said that the public school system serves as a moral bond for our entire community, just as the visible church did in the Middle Age. That age was essentially theological, and found its expression in an ecclesiastical unity; our age has no common ground of religious opinion, and can only meet upon the undisputed truths of science. Secular education is, therefore, the only consistent object of our public schools; theological dogmas should be left to the Church, the family, and Sunday-schools of the several denominations.

Neither need we fear that the schools will foster immorality if the formal devotional exercises of the opening hour are omitted. We have very little faith in any great good accomplished by these formal devotions, or by formal instructions in morality. It is urged that it is the well-instructed who recruit our most dangerous classes of criminals, and that this shows that we should have more religious and moral instruction in our schools. Are we to understand that the criminals in question have never been taught that there is a God, or that stealing is a crime, and that they do not know these truths as well as a professor of theology? It is not by set precepts or by elaborate lectures on morality that boys are trained to virtue, but by the daily exhibition of moral conduct, and the constant and insensible inculcation of the principles of morality in everyday relations. There is not a well-conducted recitation in any school in the land which does not teach at every step that virtue is its own reward, that honesty is the best policy, and that in the long run fraud does not pay. We beg for this view of a much-veiled and highly-important question the careful attention of every friend of the system.

THE BURIAL OF THE YOUNG DUC DE GUISE.

PARIS, July 30, 1872.

RAMBOUILLET belonged in the last century to the House of Orléans, and was for the younger branch of Bourbon what St. Denis was for the elder. The possessor of Rambouillet was at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. the Duc de Penthièvre, famous for his charity, and to this day remembered in France under the name of *le bon Duc*. Louis XVI., who was very fond of hunting, and who wished to have the forest of Rambouillet, once said to the Duc de Penthièvre: "Sire, give me Rambouillet." "It is yours, since it is your wish, but your Majesty must allow me to take away with me the bones of my ancestors." Some time afterwards, a curious procession was seen on the high road between Rambouillet and Dreux; all the coffins of the Orléans family were transported to this last place, and the old Duke, bare-headed, followed on foot the long line of carriages which bore them. The country people lined the road, and admired the filial piety of "the good Duke." He was so much beloved that he was allowed to remain in France during the Revolution, and to die in peace during the days of the Terror. This forcible usurpation of Rambouillet, and the removal of the Orléans remains to Dreux, was one of the many reasons which separated in the days of '89 the King and the Duke of Orleans, and, in this respect, it assumes historical importance.

I could not help remembering the procession of the last century as a few days ago I was going in a special train between Paris and Dreux; this train bore the remains of the young Duc de Guise, the only son, since the death of the Prince de Condé, of the Duc d'Aumale. Born in England in 1854, educated at Twickenham, this young prince had only returned to France to die there, and his unhappy father was now alone in the world, without a wife and without a child. It is almost useless to dwell on all the associations which such names bring to the mind. France has lost Metz, which was defended successfully by a Duc de Guise, and it seems now as if this name could no more be revived. Three times has the Duc d'Aumale given it to his children, but two of them died almost as soon as born; and this third Duc de Guise only grew up to eighteen years to die a sudden death, so unexpected, that his father was telegraphed for from Aix-les-Bains, where he had just gone for his health. The name of Condé died strangely enough at the antipodes, at Sydney, a few years ago. The great Condé estates, which had been left by the last Duc de Bourbon to the infant Duc d'Aumale are again in abeyance; the Duc d'Aumale will find himself as solitary in his woods of Chantilly as the father of the Duc d'Enghien. There is something almost too tragic in all these comparisons. I was making them as the train in the early dawn of morning took us through the corn-fields of the Beauce. The early peasants in the fields turned round and wondered what this train was, full of gentlemen in evening dress, white cravat, and dress-coat, for such is the etiquette for a royal funeral.

The heat on the preceding days had been so intense that, for prudence sake, the special train had left Paris at four o'clock in the morning. In the first carriage were the Princes of Orléans and the Princess, who had had time to come back to Paris, the Duc d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville, the Count and the Countess of Paris, the Princess de Joinville, the grandmother of the young Duc de Guise, the old Princess of Salerno, a niece of Marie Antoinette, a sister of Marie-Louise, the first Emperor's second wife; the Duc de Nemours, the Duc de Alençon, his son, and his wife, the young Duchess, a sister of the Empress of Austria and of the Queen of Naples. Then came the Belgian minister, who represented the King of the Belgians, and only the most intimate friends of the Orléans. At Versailles the train stopped a moment to take about fifty deputies, who wished to go to Dreux with their royal colleague. Dreux is a small town situated in the valley of the Eure. When the train stopped, the coffin, which was covered with white cloth, was placed on a car, which stood in waiting for it at the station, and was drawn by four white horses, with white feathers on their heads. The car was also adorned with white hangings, and bore the arms of Orléans. The procession was formed immediately. The Duke followed the car, bare-headed, and after him came his family and all the gentlemen who were in the train. Though it was then only seven o'clock, the population of Dreux and the neighboring villages lined the road; every man bowed before the white coffin and the Princes; I saw many women cry. The attitude of the population was more than respectful; it was tender and affectionate. By a long and winding slope the procession arrived at the small chapel of Dreux, which is built on the crest of the valley, and surrounded by a lovely English park. Nothing could be more quiet and silent than this secluded spot. [But inside the chapel the scene was almost too sad. The sound of the organ, the chanting, the black hangings, the mystic light of the candles, the solemn emotion of all the bystanders, gave to the ceremony

quite an extraordinary character. The sobs of the Princesses were heard under their long and thick black veils. The Duc d'Aumale, as pale as a ghost, as still as a statue, kept his eyes fixed on the coffin. Many old statesmen, men accustomed to the wear and tear of life, wept like children. There were united in the presence of death the remains of the oldest and greatest family of Europe, and under what circumstances! The sons of Henri IV. were almost as much exiles in their country now as they were a few years ago in England. A new France had grown, which had forgotten that their ancestors had made France the proud country she once was; the young boy who was now buried had spent his youth rowing on the Thames between Richmond and Teddington, or following the hounds in the deep fields of Worcestershire with kind farmers who knew nothing of the history of his family. The remains of Louis Philippe, of Queen Amélie, of the Duchesse de Nemours, of the Duchesse d'Aumale, were still lying in the small chapel of Weybridge.

Four masses were said at the same time, one at the great-altar, two at two lateral altars, and one in the chapel in the vault. During the whole ceremony the body-servants of the Duc de Guise, dressed in black, stood by the catafalque. When mass was over, the coffin was brought down in the vault, and immediately took its place in one of the stone tombs, which are placed in a long semicircle. Only the Duc and the family were down with the masons. The bystanders in the chapel heard the noise of the stone-cutters and the plasterers in painful silence. When the royal family left the vault, all in turn went down; there was the marble statue of the Duc de Orléans wrapped up in a military mantle, and lying on his grave; several other statues of Orléans princes; one, quite lovely, by Pradier, of an infant princess, lying on her marble pillow, with a flower in her hand. Before each tomb there is a painted-glass window. One of them is quite remarkable; it is the defence of a bridge at Agincourt, painted by Eugene Delacroix. On the walls of the chapel of Dreux are eight beautiful glass windows, painted by Ingres, and representing all the kings, queens, and princes of the royal family of France who made themselves conspicuous by their piety—Saint Louis, Queen Blanche, and others.

The Duke had the strength of mind to receive for a moment all the friends who had come to Dreux. In the park of Dreux there is an old tower covered with ivy, in the centre of which is a large, bare room; the only piece of furniture is the iron bed in which Queen Amélie died at Claremont. It was in this room that the Duke shook hands with all the gentlemen who were there. Not far from the chapel is a small house still called the Bishopric, as it was long inhabited by a bishop. It now belongs exclusively to the Comte de Paris, who sometimes sends his children there for a change of air. In another house live four priests, who are attached to the chapel, and who say mass in it daily. From the terrace of the Bishopric one sees the little city of Dreux, lying at the foot of the hill, with its old church and a picturesque old tower. Not far from the park is the Forest of Dreux, which is one of the many forests which surround Paris with a girdle of woods, and are the remnants of the old Gaulish forest which extended from the Loire to the Ardennes.

While the ceremony was performed at Dreux, there were two funeral services in Paris for those who were not of the intimate acquaintance of the Princes of Orléans. At the Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, which is the Duc d'Aumale's parish, there were hundreds of distinguished people; and in the first rank I will name Mr. Washburne and your illustrious General Sherman, who has shown that he did not forget the part which the Orléans Princes have taken in the war of secession. The sympathy with the Duc d'Aumale in his great afflictions has been of a universal character. President Grévy of the National Assembly wrote to him a very touching letter. All the members of the Right, who look on the Duc d'Aumale as a prince of the blood, sent him their names and went to the funeral. The Pope sent him his benediction, and Victor Hugo wrote on his card this line:

"Flet pater viduus cum patre doloroso."

Queen Victoria, and indeed all the kings and princes of Europe, sent their telegrams, while some of Gambetta's friends inscribed their names. There are powers which survive all other powers: the common feelings of humanity have nothing to do with politics. Nothing can destroy the past, the memories of centuries, the prestige of historical names. When all the most elementary passions of mankind can unite with the poetical instinct, the effect is almost irresistible. After so many revolutions, which have shaken almost every belief, the French as a nation have still preserved a great respect for the dead. Even a Communist workman will bow whenever in the streets he meets a funeral cortège. He salutes not the Christian faith, nor the priest: he salutes that grim king who will always be king, even in a republic—the great king before whom all are equal—Death.

NEGRO MORTALITY AT THE SOUTH.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July, 1872.

HOUSEHOLD service in the South has always had its peculiar phases, and just now, owing to the transition state of the labor system, these phases are peculiar to an unusual degree. There was a time when, so far as *certainty of service* was concerned, the Southern matron could boast a superiority over her Northern sister, but that has now become one of the traditions of the past. The trials of to-day are a natural result of a combination of the evils of a period of transition from the old system to the new, and a very liberal allowance of time must be made for their correction. With emancipation and the influences brought to bear upon the newly made citizen—with the historic "mule and forty acres" in constant contemplation—the feeling at the close of the war, among by far the largest number of negroes, seemed to be that a change of employers was absolutely necessary. They thought, and perhaps quite correctly, that in this way only could they fully shake off old habits, and make a complete entry upon their new condition. Once realizing this power of change, a roving inclination was rapidly developed, which has since proved the bane of the planter and housekeeper. A cook recently gave notice that she would leave the place she had held with entire satisfaction upon both sides, "because, ma'am, it look like old time to stay too long in one place." It is certainly true, however, that numbers of old servants have returned to their former homes, and a very large proportion of the entire number acknowledge by word and deed the strength of the old tie. The plantation negro, for instance, makes it a point, in coming to town on a visit, to bring berries, potatoes, eggs, or chickens to "de family"; no pay in money is desired, but some suitable present in return is expected and bestowed. A country member of the Legislature being recently in town met his former mistress in the street, and was reminded that he had not been to see her: "Tell de trut', ole miss," was the reply, "ain't hab no egg an' chicken for bring." And in seasons of sorrow or of joy their claim for recognition by "old massa or miss" is immediate.

Of labor there is an abundance. The "black and colored" population of Charleston exceeds the white by about four thousand, and a walk along the streets of the city would convey the impression of a still greater disproportion. The negro women exceed the men in about the same degree as that in which both sexes outnumber the whites. All shades abound—from the blackest and filthiest representative of the "low country" to the neatly-dressed octoroon or mulatto. The latter classes—in great varieties of shade—are largely represented in all Southern cities, and are called upon to perform the neater grades of work, and those which require careful attention. That they are found in such numbers in towns is partly due to the fact that the mixture of the two races does not produce a hardy offspring. The mulattoes cannot stand the amount of labor possible to either parent, and the toil in the cotton or rice field is too severe for them. Hence they crowd into the nearest city, and from their peculiar fitness and greater aptitude find occupation as barbers, mechanics, waiting-men, ladies' maids, dressmakers, and other similar employments. Their wants are much more numerous than the negro's, and their tastes assimilate to those of the white race, thus engendering a jealousy which causes them, as a class, to hold aloof from all of darker hue. At the present moment, on the walk outside my window, a couple of ebony damsels and a mulatto boy are belaboring one another in terms more vigorous than select as to each other's claims to "respectability" on the ground of color.

There has been considerable speculation as to the effect of freedom upon the physical condition of the former slave. By many it is thought that his ultimate fate will be that of the Indian, and for this opinion there seems to be some ground. That immorality and disease are largely on the increase cannot be doubted: of this fact I am assured by leading physicians, and the statistics would seem to confirm the statement. The general importance of the subject has led me into an examination of the mortuary records of the city of Charleston, and the results will be found in the following tables, commencing with 1866, and giving the relative mortality of the whites and the blacks during the last six years. It must be borne in mind that the entire population in 1866 may be estimated at 35,000 to 40,000, and in 1870 the United States census shows a total of 48,956. The average surplus of "blacks and colored" over the whites during the six years may be placed at about 4,000.

The total number of deaths in each year is as follows:

| | 1866 | 1867 | 1868 | 1869 | 1870 | 1871* |
|-------------|-------|------|------|------|------|-------|
| White | 607 | 462 | 390 | 453 | 539 | 714 |
| Black | 1,164 | 879 | 818 | 918 | 1075 | 956 |

* 1871 was a yellow-fever or sickly season, and as such years are much more fatal to the whites, it can scarcely be placed on a level with the rest. The relative proportion of deaths thus far in 1872 is the same as in the first five years.

Of the entire number of deaths—9,005 in all—

7,701 are natives of South Carolina.

48 " " other States.

866 " " foreign countries.

The table below shows the relative mortality of children under five years of age:

| | 1866 | 1867 | 1868 | 1869 | 1870 | 1871 |
|-------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| White | 212 | 319 | 136 | 131 | 203 | 191 |
| Black..... | 392 | 623 | 372 | 461 | 405 | 415 |

In this statement I will merely add one or two facts falling under my own observation. Of all the great contrasts between the past and the present in the South, I can truly say that *not one* has struck me more forcibly than the seeming dearth of negro children. It is not so noticeable in the cities and towns; but in the country it might be supposed that some new Herod had inaugurated a slaughter of the innocents. Whether this statement holds true with reference to other portions of the South, I cannot yet say from my own observation; but it is certainly so in this part of Carolina. Formerly on well-kept plantations, as soon as practicable, the mothers were relieved of the care of their offspring, and the master had them properly attended to in regular "nurseries." In fact, to the slave-owner the actual profit came from the increase, and self-interest compelled a proper amount of attention. Now, however, this care is thrown upon the mother, and the testimony is unanimous that the present startling mortality among children is due to the persistent neglect of their mothers. There seems to be an absolute indifference—a want of maternal instinct. The result of such conduct—especially where there is no proper medical attendance—may be readily imagined. Few physicians would seriously think of settling down to the practice of their profession in the country at the South, especially under existing circumstances. Here and there perhaps a planter may be found who has acquired a knowledge of medicine; but it is kept subsidiary to planting interests.

A gentleman of this character gave me an instance of his experience. A year ago, in one "quarter," there were eleven births about the same time. All these children were under his care, but with two of them he had especial trouble, and gave them especial attention. At the end of the year, these two out of the eleven were the only ones alive, and they could not live much longer. There had been no epidemic, and yet such instances are of frequent occurrence. No exact statement can be given, however, for no statistics are kept.

I have also added a table of the principal causes of death. Of course, nearly all the diseases known to the medical faculty are to be found in a city of this size, and I have merely selected those from the number of whose victims some conclusions may be reached:

| | WHITES. | | | | | | BLACKS OR COLORED. | | | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------|------|------|------|------|------|--------------------|------|------|------|------|------|
| | 1866 | 1867 | 1868 | 1869 | 1870 | 1871 | 1866 | 1867 | 1868 | 1869 | 1870 | 1871 |
| Varicella..... | 37 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 239 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Consumption... | 53 | 44 | 47 | 38 | 47 | 53 | 75 | 85 | 77 | 94 | 134 | 135 |
| Pneumonia..... | 18 | 15 | 10 | 18 | 16 | 13 | 73 | 49 | 31 | 53 | 53 | 31 |
| Typhoid fever | 24 | 11 | 11 | 17 | 22 | 19 | 34 | 40 | 16 | 26 | 24 | 14 |
| Triennus nas- centium..... | 23 | 16 | 19 | 11 | 14 | 14 | 49 | 73 | 65 | 47 | 47 | 80 |
| Marasmus..... | 19 | 14 | 9 | 17 | 15 | 16 | 25 | 31 | 48 | 44 | 59 | 25 |
| Convulsions.... | 17 | 22 | 11 | 23 | 26 | 16 | 38 | 27 | 34 | 49 | 52 | 40 |
| Diarrhea..... | 12 | 20 | 8 | 9 | 19 | 11 | 21 | 25 | 24 | 26 | 60 | 34 |
| Old age..... | 14 | 12 | 10 | 16 | 12 | 18 | 56 | 45 | 48 | 19 | 39 | 21 |
| Dropey..... | 17 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 71 | 65 | 53 | 40 | 42 | 39 |
| Cholera infan- tum..... | 20 | 15 | 19 | 16 | 12 | 14 | 18 | 42 | 45 | 25 | 39 | 17 |
| Congestion of the brain..... | 34 | 10 | 13 | 17 | 25 | 24 | 21 | 14 | 14 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| Congestion of lungs..... | 11 | 2 | 4 | 10 | 16 | 13 | 28 | 3 | 12 | 26 | 31 | 27 |
| Yellow fever... | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 189 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 23 |

I have also added a statement of the comparative mortality of the years 1866 and 1870:

| | 1866. | | | 1870. | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|--------------------------|
| | No. of Population. | No. of Deaths. | Proportion of Deaths. | No. of Population. | No. of Deaths. | Proportion of Deaths. |
| | | | 1 in | | | 1 in |
| Whites..... | 26,969 | 719 | 37.51 | 22,145 | 539 | 41.09 |
| Blacks and Co- lored..... | 21,410 | 753 | 28.47 | 20,871 | 1,075 | 24.94 |
| All Classes..... | 48,379 | 1,472 | 32.90 | 43,016 | 1,614 | 30.33 |

Correspondence.

MR. WELLS'S FIGURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest Mr. Wells's article in the *Nation* of July 25. I presume his figures are correct, and very likely his argument is sound, for the most part. But unless I misunderstand him, he has fallen into *one* miscalculation. Early in his article he says, "I find, first, that the expenses of the National Government for the fiscal years 1869, 1870, 1871, *exclusive of interest*, premiums on the purchase of bonds, and payments on the principal of the public debt, were as follows: . . . There is thus an apparent decrease in the national expenditures for the fiscal year 1871 of \$25,075,000, as compared with the expenditures for like purposes for the fiscal year 1869. *But on the 30th of June, 1870, the requirement for expenditure for interest on the public debt was \$7,180,000 less than it was on the 30th of June, 1869; and on the 30th of June, 1871, this charge had been further reduced by the sum of \$13,772,000. Assuming \$10,661,000 to represent the average diminution of the interest charge for the entire fiscal year 1871 (the reduction having been progressive by months), this \$25,075,000 reduction of the national expenditures would be reduced to \$14,414,000.*" Italics mine.

I do not see it at all. According to his own statement, the charge for interest—be it more or be it less—had been taken out of the budget before the comparison was made at all. The original figures for 1869 and 1871, as given by him (but omitted here), represent the expenses *independent of* payments on the public debt, both principal and interest. Hence the *whole difference* between them is a bona-fide reduction of expenditures, except so far as he is able on other grounds to show to the contrary.

If I am right in this, Mr. Wells has probably perceived the error before this. But figures are so constantly used as witnesses on both sides of every question, and are so unprincipled and mendacious, yet all the time keeping in many minds that absurd reputation that they "will not lie," that it seems worth while to trip them up occasionally, and warn them that they must learn to deserve their good name—as Mr. Wells's figures, I dare say, generally do.

LINCOLN, MAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of the *Nation*, writing from Lincoln, Maine, calls my attention to the circumstance that in the article contributed to the *Nation* under date of July 25, "On the ratio of increase in our national expenditures," I have understated the apparent reduction in the national expenditures for 1871 as compared with 1869, by deducting from the amount (\$25,075,000 plus \$5,967,000, the increased payment on account of pensions) the average reduction in the annual interest for 1871, due to the gradual reduction of the public debt, inasmuch as the interest account was not in either year an element of comparison.

Recurring to the paragraph of the article in question, I find your correspondent to be *entirely* correct, and I hasten to correct the error into which, by some inadvertence, I have fallen, by restating the apparent decrease of national expenditures for 1871 as compared with 1869 at \$31,042,000, in place of \$20,391,000. I make the correction with pleasure: first, because I don't mean that my figures "shall lie" if I can help it; and second, because on subsequent comparisons of expenditures in the same article, the error in question did not occur or was eliminated. The article, therefore, in fact corrected itself, and in its conclusions remains now, as at first, incapable of refutation.—I am yours, most respectfully,

DAVID A. WELLS.

Notes.

A WRITER in *Hearth and Home* agrees with many philosophers of ancient and modern times that the weather is a very common topic of conversation. Repeatedly, he says, you hear the gentleman saying, "It is extremely hot this evening," and the lady replying, "Yes, I think it is hotter than it was this morning," to which the gentleman assents, and says, "But it is not so hot as it was last night"; to which the lady assents, and says, "If it is as hot to-morrow, I don't know what I shall do," to which again the gentleman gives his assent, and goes on to say, "But I don't think it is possible for it

to be hotter than it was yesterday," to which the lady gives her assent, and the subject is continued at some length. The writer thinks that for so barren a topic as this some other should be substituted, and suggests that arithmetical observations, for instance, would be better than meteorological. Evidently we can recognize in him an insidious enemy of the woman's-rights movement, and he should be minced by Mrs. Livermore or Mrs. Hooker or somebody or other. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is as gifted as most women; she is a good enough Greek scholar to explicate the text, "Let your conversation be in heaven," and show to the satisfaction of the whole Radical Club of Boston that "conversation" in this connection means "talk," and that the apostle in these words instructs us to talk always of high matters and never to gabble; but even she might readily be puzzled if asked to multiply 7 by 8, for instance, or to subtract 6 from 41, or perform any similar problem requiring that trained understanding which in all ages man, by superior brute force, has succeeded in withholding from woman. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Cady Stanton, who are mothers or sisters, but who sought in vain the educational privileges so freely offered their fathers and brothers, might, if this suggestion were adopted, be silenced for hours by a malicious request from some male to subtract one and eight-tenths from three and one-tenth, or to multiply some vulgar fraction by a mixed number. And as for the majority of young women in society, conversation, so far from being widened in its scope by the disappearance of meteorology, would practically be restricted to the table of five and the table of ten, which are the easiest but least interesting parts of the Multiplication Table. And to most men, too, making a change would bring no sensible relief, because the homage of the ladies would in that case be paid to the expert mathematician, and the proverb as to the sort of man held in most esteem by the fair sex would still be of full application: "The bigger mathematician a man is, the better the women like him," would be the new reading, or "He's a regular mathematician, but see how he goes down with the women." Everybody, then, may properly hold the *Hearth and Home* writer in enmity, and take a dig at him (if anything is left of him) after the *Woman's Journal* is done with him.

—Just before the close of the war, when the Government had become more tolerant than it ventured upon being while the issue was doubtful, a man by the name of Pomeroy, widely known as "Brick Pomeroy," published a Democratic newspaper at La Crosse, Wisconsin, called the *La Crosse Democrat*. The scurrility, which intellectually was drivel and morally was disgusting, of this vile sheet made it unacceptable to any but the very lowest of the Democrats of the Northwest: it was without influence, and had but few readers, though it was more or less quoted by the crazier of the "copperhead" editors and orators. But when the war closed, and the South was reopened to Northern publications, Pomeroy's paper, to the wonderment of all decent people who had not an acquaintance with the real South of those heated days, became a prime favorite in almost all the Southern States. The journals which urged that the body of Dr. Dostie, killed in the New Orleans riots, should be boiled down into soap-fat, out of which sap could be made for the use of Northern teachers, were unable to cope with the indecencies of Pomeroy's paper, or to cater so successfully for the taste of the average Southern young man, and the circulation of the *Democrat* was enormous. Money flowed in that year and the next and the next, and the rejoicing editor by-and-by moved his office to this city to practise "metropolitan journalism" and give New York a reliable Democratic paper. The occurrence of the Presidential campaign, with its fervors, either advanced the "red-hot" editor's fortunes, or prevented any visible decline of them, and he was extremely efficient down to election day in "nailing another lie," inventing dirty slanders, "carrying the news to Hiram," paddling in the muck of grossness, and, in general, behaving himself like a human being with some knowledge of the decencies of life, instead of like a brute with a strong spice of the low blackguard in him. But after this supreme effort at "Democratic journalism" the paper began to flag. It flourished but poorly in our Eastern atmosphere, and we are pleased to chronicle its complete collapse and death. We congratulate the public also on the extinction of the malodorous *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, which "Demosthenes" and Mr. Theodore Tilton together were, it seems, not enough to save.

—The University of California, in search of a president, has at last been successful, Professor D. C. Gilman of Yale having accepted the office. California now has a great opportunity, if she will only do three things: first, gather an ample working library; secondly, give the new president the pick of the best men in the country, by putting the professorships on a liberal foundation; and thirdly, the best men once appointed, if she will leave the internal concerns of the university mainly in their hands, throwing over as far as possible the usual incumbrances of trustees, committees, boards of

overseers, and outside people in general. The Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, with whose workings and organization Professor Gilman is familiar, shows with what signal success an untrammelled institution can administer its own affairs.

—A correspondent tells us that on p. 35 (Lévy's edition) of "Caesar Biotteau," by De Balzac, dated 1837, he finds the following: "... les uns recherchèrent la silencieuse approbation d'un homme censé profond, en sa qualité d'ecouteur?"

—The constantly recurring strife between capital and labor, the real hardships endured by the laborer, and the great injuries which he is every year more and more disposed to inflict upon his employer—injuries which in the end fall upon his own head; the disturbance to the whole economical world, and the not improbable dangers to the social fabric, render welcome every attempt to discover a system by which harmony can be restored and the joint earnings of the disputing partners be divided fairly and so as to satisfy both. The French, who have shown us some of the most striking examples of the evils of the conflict, have not been behindhand in attempts to discover a remedy. The very remarkable book of M. Godin, "Solutions sociales," to which we hope again to call the attention of our readers, shows how much may be done by a wise and benevolent employer for the welfare of his workmen, and how the too often hostile parties may be bound together by a solidarity of interests. M. Chaix, proprietor of one of the largest printing establishments in France, has devised and is about to put into operation a plan similar in some respects to those which have been tried successfully by some American firms—Hovey & Co. in Boston, and Brewster in this city. His desire, as stated in his "Reglement de Participation," is to ameliorate the present condition of his employees by paying to them each year a certain sum over and above their salaries or wages, and to provide for their future by laying up a capital for them or their families. He hopes that this proposed arrangement will establish a new bond, moral and material, between the house and its employees, and that the increased outlay of the house may be in some degree reimbursed by the improved quality and greater quantity of work done. The details of the plan are as follows: To participate, a workman must have served the house three years and have shown himself faithful and capable. Among workmen so qualified, M. Chaix will divide ten per cent. of his profits in proportion to the amount of their salaries; half is to be paid as soon as the year's accounts are settled, the other half to be carried to a sort of insurance and retiring fund. A man who voluntarily leaves the service during any year will forfeit his share for that year; if he is dismissed, he will receive his share up to the date of his dismissal. The retiring fund is to be further increased by a special appropriation from the profits of the business, so large as nearly to double it. No workman will be entitled to draw his share in this until he has been twenty years in the service or has arrived at the age of sixty years. When a man dies in the service, his share is to be paid to his family. The participation of profits is to be made according to the books of the house, and the accounts are to be audited by a board of nineteen, consisting of the ten oldest employees, and nine members annually elected by a general assembly of the workmen. We have given the plan concisely, yet at sufficient length to show how carefully it has been considered by its projector. It preserves to the master the control of his business, a control absolutely necessary to commercial success, and yet it gives to all the employees a share in the results of that success, and an interest in making it as great as possible. Whether the share offered them is sufficient to be a strong inducement to extra zeal remains to be proved by experience. Whether the new system of payment by the hour, lately adopted by one of our railroads, is not better adapted to our unsettled habits, is a question. M. Chaix's plan demands a length of service which is probably very much more common in France than here. At any rate, one danger is avoided on which have split some otherwise promising schemes of co-operative societies of workmen—the difficulty of finding a manager of sufficient ability to make the business pay who would not either demand a salary exceeding the profits which ordinarily fall to the share of the employer, or run away with all the funds of the enterprise.

—Of course it is perfectly proper to say all sorts of disagreeable things about Napoleon III. now; *numquam, si quid mihi credis, anavi hunc hominem*; nevertheless, among other things to his credit, things like the following should not be forgotten. When Napoleon was at the height of his power, twelve years ago, Count Bartholomeo Borghesi died at San Marino. His literary career, remarkable at once for precocity and sustained brilliancy, gave the lie to Ascham's dictum about "quicke wittes": "for this I knowe," says the author of the "Schoolmaster," "not only by reading of bookes in my studie, but also by experience of lyfe, abroad in the worlde, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be olde, were never commonly the quickest of witte, when they were

young. Quick wittes commonlie be apte to take, vnapte to keepe; more quicke to enter spedely, then able to pearse farre. Such wittes neuer passe farre forward in hie and hard sciences." Nobody can read Borghesi's first dissertation on a coin of the Emperor Heraclius, without admitting that it was a quick wit that could do so much at the infant age of eleven; while the productions of his manhood and old age showed that the infant phenomenon of epigraphies could also pierce far and pass far forward in high and hard sciences. On every branch of Roman numismatics and inscriptions and on antiquities of all sorts, military, sacerdotal, and political, he had his say, and somehow, whatever Borghesi had said always turned out to be right. Still, although his name had become a household word with scholars, their ideas of the man were somewhat vague and verging on the misty; many of his choicest treasures were buried in the corners of obscure Italian journals, or had been tossed out lavishly in good-natured letters to his friends, who never resorted to him for instruction in vain. There was no collective work to which his admirers could appeal, on which they could lay the finger and say confidently, "This is the man, this is Borghesi." Louis Napoleon had the sagacity to see and the energy to remedy this want, and if there was a little vanity about it, that may be overlooked. A few weeks after Borghesi's death, Ernest Desjardins was speeding over the Alps to San Marino to make preliminary arrangements, and not many months after a bulletin in the *Moniteur* announced that a commission of four Frenchmen, assisted by eight eminent foreigners, had been empowered to collect and edit Borghesi's complete works, the costs to be met from the civil list. Seven quarto volumes had appeared when the great tragedy-comedy of 1870 suddenly snapped off the whole undertaking. In the present state of French finances, M. Thiers might well be looked after if he spent the public moneys of the new loan on men-singers and women-singers and the delights of the sons of men, like his predecessor. But when he jingles the national double eagles, his fingers must itch, collector and curiosity-hunter as he is, to finish this great work, which would shed lustre on the little sister-republic of San Marino, and add another enduring monument to "all the glories of France."

HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD'S ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.*

WE need a good etymological English Dictionary of convenient size for a handbook. Webster and Worcester are too large, and have too much else in them. It should be something like Scheler's French Dictionary or Weigand's German. It should have space for the history of each word, both its forms and meanings and the dates and works in which they are first found; and yet it should not be a very large book. Müller's "Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Englischen Sprache" is a fair beginning, and might be worth translating. Wedgwood is also in many respects a valuable work. It is very learned in its way, and is rich in illustrative quotations from rare old books, and in groups of words analogous in formation and connection of thought, gleaned from all the vocabularies of the world.

But it has a theory, and substitutes it for the established laws of phonetic change, and, to a great extent, for historical research. It would not be far wrong to say that it is not so much an etymological dictionary as an essay on the origin of language. An introduction of 69 pages is formally devoted to that subject, and a very large part of the rest of the book is really given to illustrating the theory by discussions of English words. This theory is that speech originates in imitation of the sounds of external objects, and of man's own natural cries. A good many able and cautious linguists hold or favor this view; but they generally say that it is a long time since speech originated, and that the languages of our day come from monosyllables which we can trace back thousands of years, and which have been used all that time without thought of their imitative sound, and have changed so much that we cannot detect their imitative origin, and ought not to expect to do so. Scientific etymology requires us to trace our words to their roots before theorizing. But Mr. Wedgwood easily recognizes imitative words as they stand; he runs them off by the dozen in his introductory essay: *bump, thump, plump, thwack, whack, smack, crack, clack, clap, flap, flop, pop*, etc., etc. In the letter B we find over 300 words traced to an imitative origin, at least half the whole number, and filling much more than half the space, for it takes pretty long dissertations to bring out the imitative element in many of the words. Many of them are derived from *bubbles*; *bubble* is an "imitation of the sound made by the bubbling liquid." A bubble and a lump or swelling are very generally designated by the same word, "because the same articulation is used to represent the *pop* of a bubble bursting, and the sound of a blow, from which the designation of a

knob, hump, or projection is generally taken." Of *bladder*, "the radical image is the formation of foam or bubbles by the dashing of water." *Blade*, a leaf, is commonly connected with *flat*. "But perhaps a more definite origin may be found in the notion of foam or a mass of bubbles." "We have in foam a most complete example of leafy structure." "*Bug* is simply an object of terror, from the cry *Bo! Boo! Boh!* made by a person, often covering his face to represent the unknown, to frighten children." *Breech* "designates the part on which a boy is *breeched* or flogged, a word formed from the sound of a loud smack." *Burn* is from the roaring of the flame. Of *buffoon* it is said, "a puff with the mouth is probably indicative of contempt, as emblematically *making light* of an object. 'And who minds Dick? Dick's nobody! Whoo! He blew a slight contemptuous breath, as if he blew himself away,' David Copperfield." "*Bumbailiff* is from the notion of a humming, droning, or dunning noise applied to dunning a person for a debt." Each of these examples is further illustrated by apposite passages, words from other languages, and the like, sometimes to the length of a couple of columns.

This comparison of words does not follow the recognized laws of change in language; it leads the author away from the beaten track of scientific progress. The book cannot be put in the hands of a student as a trustworthy guide. But its unscientific appearance might easily lead a critic to overlook much real merit; for in fact a great deal of this matter is surplusage, going beyond the authorities; and Wedgwood agrees with them as far as they go. It is true that he confines himself for the most part to Anglo-Saxon words which have not yet been made commonplace by etymologists. If he were to treat the Latin words with the same freedom, he would have to face all the great masters of modern philology. He does it now and then as it is. It would be hard to find in any other learned book of the year a worse tangle of blunders than the discussion of *bind*, which is said to be derived from *bund*, *bunch*, which is described as identical with Latin *pundus*, and meaning a lump of some heavy material, named from the noise of a blow. Considered as an essay on the origin of language, the book is valuable, and will doubtless do something toward the settlement of the question. If we are to find out more about the original speech of man, and we doubtless are, it is to be by induction of linguistic facts, concentrating evidence on particular sounds, and showing first of one and then of another that it belongs to the natural speech of man. To establish this, it should be found in many diverse languages; found to grow up in nurseries; be heard from deaf mutes, if possible, from the deaf and blind; be like in kind to one of man's natural cries. Mr. Wedgwood has brought together a large body of facts going to show that certain sounds which he discusses are of this sort. It would be an advance if he were to lay down the criteria and method of proof, and arranged his material to suit them. He does not see the wide difference between words imitative of the sounds of external objects and those imitative of the voice of man. The imitation of external sounds is a comparatively strange and difficult matter. Words of that kind are rare in genuine old books; perhaps there is not one among the undoubted roots of the Indo-European parent speech. The frequent use of them has a modern aspect, and gives a comic or sensational air to any style:

"Bang, bang, bang! went the cannon, and the smoke rolled over the trenches." "Hoo, hoo, hoo! ping, ping, ping! came the bullets about the ears." "Haw, haw, haw! roared a soldier from the other side of the valley." "And at it both sides went, ding, dong! till the guns were too hot to be worked." When such extracts as these are made, it is not of Homer or Beowulf that we think. The primary speech is occupied with the vital needs of animal man, the utterance of joy, pain, surprise, love, hate, weariness, and the like, and it is in sounds naturally expressive of these that the scientific linguist looks to find the ultimate sources of language.

GUSTAVE DROZ'S LAST NOVEL.*

IT is always pleasant to watch the course of a writer when it is one of progressive improvement, when we can see him acquiring a steadier hand, a broader view of the world, and, withal, possessing the power of purging himself of his earlier errors. Droz has always been an admirable writer, his *genre* sketches, although stained by gross faults, were always cleverly done; far too much so, most of us will say, when it is seen that one of his most deplorable volumes has reached the fifty-third and another the twenty-seventh edition. In those books he showed great powers as a humorist, as a sort of drawing-room satirist, and much of what may, perhaps, be called the dramatic side of the novelist—that quality, namely, which serves to give his characters the stamp of likeness to life; although it must be said that, leaving aside the consideration of those marked faults which will disgust most

* "A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, late Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. Second edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged; with an Introduction on the Origin of Language." New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

* "Babolain. Par Gustave Droz." Paris: J. Hetzel & Cie. 1872. New York: F. W. Christern.

readers, one could not help regretting that the skill which was shown in such trifling work could not be used for some higher purpose. The frivolity of fashionable life, of women's talk at parties, is too small game for any one who can really write. It concerns itself with too unimportant a part of human existence. The question is decided before the counsel for the prosecution opens his mouth, and the more eloquent his speech, the greater is our impatience.

His two longer novels have been already discussed in these pages; they showed his desire to try some more serious work than ridiculing popinjays and flirts, and they met with considerable success—one of them, "Autour d'une Source," being translated into English and published in this country. "Babolain" is the story, told in the form of an autobiography, of a broken-hearted man. He begins with a statement of his own character, which he says is especially noticeable for being fearful of ridicule, introspective, but, above all, proud. The truth of this analysis may be seen from this synopsis of the story: His mother dies at his birth, his father, who had been professor in a college, dies when he is six years old, and he is at once taken away by his uncle, who soon sends him to school. There, being a sensitive, physically feeble, awkward, unattractive boy, he suffers all manner of torture from his schoolmates, but, notwithstanding, makes one friend, Timoléon, whose exercises he used to do for him. Afterwards he entered the *École Normale*, and, by dint of much hard work, is appointed professor of mathematics, first in a provincial college and then at the Collège Saint Louis in Paris. Just at this moment his uncle dies, leaving him heir to a considerable fortune. He does not lose control of himself at this, but takes advantage of the opportunity it gives him to enter the world, to which, in his solitary, hard-working, self-denying life, he had felt strange yearnings. He is introduced to two ladies, a mother and daughter; they are both charming in his mind, and with the younger, an artistic, vague, but beautiful creature, he falls in love. He feels keenly his awkwardness and unattractiveness, and imagines that his chance of winning her is hopeless, when, to his surprise and delight, the mother tells him that he must never come to the house again—that her daughter loves him. We cannot help quoting a few lines from one of the conversations in which the avaricious mother tries to throw some light upon poor Babolain's mind. He says:

"Are you afraid that her lungs are attacked?"

"I am afraid of everything, my friend. Now the trouble is only mental, I am sure, judging from her sudden changes from depressing melancholy to mad gaiety, from all the unaccountable things. For example, this morning I went into her room to see her, and I found her sitting in a corner completely absorbed in a little book that I have never seen in her hand before. I go up to her. 'What are you reading, my dear?' I say. Then she hands me the volume with that graceful, frank gesture that you must know."

"Yes, yes."

"Where was I? Oh! yes. I look at the book; it was a little arithmetic that she used to have at school. I said, smiling, 'You are beginning your studies again, my dear?' But she answered, throwing herself into my arms, and kissing me warmly, 'Oh! science is so beautiful, mamma, so beautiful!'"

It will be remembered that he is a professor of mathematics.

These wiles are successful; he marries the young woman, and then his troubles fairly begin. She is, of course, extravagant, frivolous, and, in time, false. His eyes are for a long time closed to her folly; he is easily managed by her, for he is madly in love with her, and by her mother, a woman who, we need only say, is the model mother-in-law of fiction. An article in a paper, abusive of his wife, causes him to quarrel with some of his colleagues, and to fight a duel, in which he is badly wounded, with a journalist. On recovering from a long sickness, the consequence of the duel, he finds his wife and her mother have left him, and that he has been deprived of his professorship on account of the other quarrel. In despair he flies to a provincial town, and devotes himself to the bringing-up of his little daughter, whom the mother had not cumbered herself with in her travels. His daughter grows up, and, to her father's great grief, marries. Here the saddest part of the story begins. His daughter and her husband take him to live with them, but gradually every indignity is heaped upon him; he is thrust away into an attic; he is robbed of every luxury; hopeless misery encompasses him; but he never blames any one except himself, and then for faults which were never his. He tells the story, but he does not seem to know its horror; his only pleasure is to play with his little grandson, the only being in the world who ever loved him, for wife and child had both detested him; but he is even robbed of his grandson on some ungrounded pretext, and soon he dies. We run hastily over this account of his old age, because it is the part to which so brief a sketch can do the least justice. It is certainly profoundly melancholy, and all the more so from his apathy under it all, from his ingenuity in devising reasonable excuses for his daughter's heartlessness, from his pitiable groping

for some one thing to love him. We will quote a few lines from a scene between him and his grandson:

"Having returned home, he let me go up to my room alone, and a few minutes later, rejoined me there. He was flushed, excited, and held in his hands a little package, which he opened at once. It was a white pasteboard box, full of papers, rolled one around the other. He began to unroll them with his impatient fingers, throwing down box and papers as fast as he had undone them."

"What have you there, my little fellow?" I say to him.

"He was in too great a hurry to answer; but when he had finished he held out in his hand a half-franc piece and four sous."

"There are some sous for you!" said he, looking at me with his large eyes.

"At first I did not know what to say—not that I was ashamed of taking alms; in the hearty simplicity with which he offered me all his fortune there was so much affection and delicacy! I took his hand in my hands, and, kissing his blonde locks, I said:

"Thank you, George. Keep your money. You can get something with it—you can ride in the goat-cart, you know."

"You don't want my sous?" said he, evidently about to cry.

"Keep your money for yourself, my dear boy—keep it."

"He put his money back into his pocket without saying a word, went to the window, and looked out into the courtyard; but the glass reflected his face like a mirror. It was sad, his nostrils were swollen, and he was biting his lips to keep from crying."

"You don't deserve such kindness," I said to myself. 'By your stupidity and foolish pride, you are going to make the only being in the world who loves you cry.' So I said aloud:

"George, do you still want to give me your money?" He turned round, his eyes lit with joy. 'Do you want to? Very well; give it to me, my dear: it will give me great pleasure.'

"He threw his arms about my neck and, while smothering me with caresses, he slipped into my pocket the four sous and the little piece of silver."

"You will take good care, grandpa, not to lose them," he murmured.

"I wrapped them up in the same paper, put them in the white box, and they are there, near a lock of his mother's hair and my other relics."

There is the character of the man, sensitive, but tactless and tardy in his kindness, and humble beyond all measure. His reproaching himself with pride is not one of the least sad things in the book. Nor, on the other hand, is he made out a hero, endowed with every good quality, but who is crushed by a cold world: he is full of good qualities, he is self-denying, generous, unselfish—to a fault, for there are some virtues which need tempering as much as vices; but one can readily see how easy it would have been to misunderstand him, how hard to get on with him. He, to be sure, was treated with unwarrantable cruelty, but such mistakes may be and are made every day. The author draws a tragic picture, but he falls behind many an actual story. He might have made it worse, but he lets us see the consolations that Babolain's very kind-heartedness brought to his sufferings. He felt pain keenly, but he was in return sensitive to a few joys that a colder eye would never have discovered. By this means he redeems the blackness of his picture. We suffer more, perhaps, in reading the book, but our pity is exalted by our perception of his superiority to his woes, and to the wretched people who inflict them. His weakness, his ignorance of the world, have brought about his distress, but they are only one side of a faith which no amount of misery, or none but its extremity, can crush. In short, the author sees not merely the prose of suffering, but also its poetry, and this it is which gives the book its great merit. Many a clever man can describe domestic afflictions, but not every one can picture to us the unconscious struggle of a noble mind. This novel, and it is the only one we have ever read that did, reminds us of Turgenev; and we trust that the author may steadily go on in the higher path he has found, without yielding to the easy temptation of merely contenting frivolity by clever nonsense or worse.

Select Letters of Pliny the Younger. Latin Text with English Notes.

Edited by A. J. Church, M.A., and W. J. Brodribb, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.)—Though this book can no longer be called new, it seems to be little known in this country, and we print the title in full as a general answer to persons who have enquired of us concerning it. We have already given our opinion incidentally of its quality in No. 356 of the *Nation*, and will only add here that the editors hardly appreciated the edition of Keil, 1858, which they had before them, and that their knowledge of the literature of Pliny was so limited that they took no note of Keil's dissertation "De Plinii Epistulis Emendandis," in two parts, Erlangen, 1865 and 1866; nor of Mommsen's essay, "Zur Lebensgeschichte des jüngeren Plinius," in the *Hermes*, 1869; not to speak of the less important tractate of Hugo Hölstein, "De Plinii Minoris Elocutione," in two parts, Naumburg, 1862 and 1869. Perhaps the standard critical edition of Keil, 1870, with an Index Nominum by Mommsen, packed full of original and suggestive matter, made its appearance too late to be used. At any rate, it was not consulted. If the "Select

Letters" were corrected down to the present time, they might supply a temporary want; but to edit an illusive and second-hand writer like little Pliny requires a mind saturated with the sentiment of the Trajan period and the semi-poetic phraseology of the Augustan and post-Augustan time. The editors of this volume do not impress us as likely to make a permanent mark in either the text or exegesis of this author.

The Annual Register: A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the year 1871. New Series. (London: Rivingtons. 1872.)—We noticed last year the preceding volume of this series, recommending it to our readers, though at the same time pointing out some weak sides of the publication. On perusing a large portion of the volume

before us, and glancing over the rest, we find that it has become easier to speak of the Register recommendingly, and harder to censure it. The "Year 1871" is decidedly more correct in its historical parts, and more instructively entertaining in its literary, than its predecessor. Its "Appendix" contains an ample series of important documents and state-papers, including a variety of diplomatic correspondence, various treaties—the Washington treaty among them—and the full protocols of the Black Sea Conference. The latter subject is, however, both too minutely, at least for non-English readers, and too diffusely treated under the head of "English History." Altogether too much space is devoted to certain points of contemporaneous history, and too little to others. But this is now, perhaps, the only defect worth speaking of in this yearly record.

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